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# OXFORD OBSERVER

Vol. IV.

NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1828.

No. 195

## COMMUNICATION.

NO. IX.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

### THE IMMORAL TENDENCY OF WAR.

War may justly be denominated the hot-bed of vice. It is a fertile source of corruption of every kind. Observe the wide difference in the character and habits of a young man when he enters into the army, and stays there 3 or 4 years, and when he returns home. In nine cases out of ten, he is altered for the worse.—Before, he was strictly moral, regular, prudent and industrious; addicted to no gross or immoral habits; faithful and punctual in all his promises and engagements; a good citizen, a useful member of society, the faithful friend, and the conscientious attendant at Divine worship: but now, how changed! loose in morals; irregular and imprudent in all his affairs; negligent and idle; a gamester, a tippler, a swearer, a spendthrift; unfaithful in all his promises and engagements; a turbulent and useless citizen; a corrupter of society; an inconstant friend and companion; a despoiler and Scoffer at Religion. I would not assert that this lamentable transformation of character necessarily follows; but still it may be laid down as a general rule with but very few exceptions. If the principles of virtue and integrity are not deeply rooted and established in the mind of the young soldier when he enters the army, he is almost sure to lose all his former impressions of their worth and importance, and to be enticed away, step by step, till he loses all his moral convictions, his scruples of conscience, his sense of accountability: and then, he will no more hesitate to indulge himself in all his unbridled and licentious inclinations. Now look at the influence of that soldier on society after his return from the army. He infects every one more or less with whom he associates.—Hardened in vice, and backneyed in all the wiles and stratagems of flattery and deception, he is but too well fitted to decoy his innocent and unwary companions and associates from the "way in which they should go," into the same round of corruption and folly; and so the morals of society are deteriorated; the youth are led astray into vile and ruinous habits and principles of shame and poverty and misery are entailed upon individuals, families and nations.

And if one soldier be the instrument of introducing so much vice and corruption among the virtuous part of the community, what a flood, must we expect, would overwhelm a people or community from the disbanding and return of fifty or a hundred thousand soldiers who are to be dispersed throughout a whole nation! It is easy to conjecture, what a pernicious effect so great a number must have upon the moral character of any people. Like the falling of the mildew upon the flourishing fields of grain, they blight the most promising plants of virtue and religion, change the whole face of society; and, like Pharaoh's lean kine, devour all the brightest, the noblest, and the fairest productions of civilized man. No wonder, we expect any effect different from the above-mentioned, from men so long impressed with any sense of moral obligation, as professed soldiers generally are. It is an undoubted truth, that the more sensible a man is to moral sentiment, and moral obligation, the better he is qualified to practise the duty of a soldier. The savages that "beat the woods," possess all the martial qualities of the soldier; deaf to the cries of distress, and the entreaties of compassion, they are prompted to action by much the same impulse and motives as the tiger and the lion; guilt and innocence are not the objects of their remorse and pity. Hence, we may infer, that war is a practice that rather belongs to savages, than civilized men, as naturally possessing those qualities and dispositions, that a civilized sensible man is obliged to acquire by a practice that exactly counteracts those very sentiments, and qualities that distinguish man from the savage. What practice or mode of life can have that tendency to harden and brutalize the heart, and the frequent scenes of carnage, murder and violent death? These scenes the soldier must see and experience to all their horrors; and they soon become familiar to him: the groans of the wounded and the dying make but lit-

tle impression upon him; the sympathies of his heart soon become frozen, and in heart and practice he resembles the vulture and the wolf. Look at the outrages and cruelties perpetrated by soldiers when unrestrained by their commanders at different periods and places in past wars even in our own country; the scenes of Hampton and Washington are still fresh in our minds, as convincing arguments of the position we have assumed.

A soldier is poorly qualified for discharging the duties of civil life. If he has no fighting to do he hardly knows what to do with himself; he looks with contempt upon the peaceful and innocent labors of the plough, and scorns to confine himself down to the honest and manly pursuits of art and industry. The morning lark and evening nightingale make no such music, nor half so sweet to the soldier's ear as the drum and fife. He takes no delight in rural scenery; nor is he pleased with the green and flourishing fields of the farmer. The lowing herds and bleating flocks have no charms for him; with a heart steeled to all sentiments of beauty and sublimity, he finds no employment that engages his attention and his whole heart, so much as the evolutions, the stratagems, the dangers, and the bloody vicissitudes of war. Should he aspire to offices of State, he will find himself altogether unqualified to act the part, or discharge the duties of an able statesman; accustomed to exercise the strength of his limbs much more than the faculties of his mind, he will doubtless be more inclined to use the sword of steel to execute his laws and precepts, than the force of truth and reason.—And indeed, no course of policy would be more dangerous to the liberties of a nation than the elevation of a military character to the highest post of power and authority. For the confirmation of what is here affirmed, look at former examples of a similar course of policy, or rather impolicy that has been adopted by other nations. Look at Great Britain under Cromwell, Sweden under Charles 12th, France under Buonaparte, and many other examples may be found, sufficient I conceive, to admonish a free people like ourselves to be on our guard, and to use all honest and fair means to exclude from all offices of honor, trust and great responsibility, all those military characters who discover an inclination to usurp the civil department and to make it subordinate to military force. A military government is always tyrannical and oppressive; it legislates without feelings, and executes without mercy; the salutary counsels of reason, the voice of mercy, and the demands of right and justice, gain no admittance into the hearts, or understandings of a military cabinet.

"Eternal God! to whom belongs above  
The glorious attribute of boundless love,  
That never wears but is still the same;  
Father of life! from whom our being came;  
Oh! why does man, in whom alone we find  
Thy Maker's image, an immortal mind,  
Feeble of him from whom these mercies flow,  
Thus violate the laws of love below?  
Stand with his fellow's blood before thee  
stand,  
Nor wake the thunder sleeping in thy hand?  
Dost thou approval wait upon the dead,  
When by each other's hands thy creatures bleed?  
Ah! so thy laws with words of love replete,  
By Mercy's angel written at thy feet,  
Forbid the strife; let earth the mandate hear,  
And warring nations tremble and reverse."  
SALUS.

## MISCELLANY.

FROM THE LITERARY MAGNET.  
THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF  
MYNHEER

VON WODENBLOCK.

He who has been at Rotterdam, will remember a house of two stories, which stands in the suburbs, just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him, as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced,—to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical instrument maker; but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds; and, however desperate the case might be, were very soon, as

the vulgar saying is, "set upon their legs again." Many a cripple, who had looked upon this deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted—so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a mere common place and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And in good sooth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the *understandings* fashioned by this skillful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself; the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with the gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ancle, a messenger entered his studio (to speak classically,) and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam; so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth, with his three cornered hat in one hand, and his silver headed stick in the other.

It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors; but in endeavoring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs, by a slight impulse, *a posterior* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations,) he had unfortunately lost his balance; and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he was minus three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to gaol, on account of some unpaid debt; leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were starving at home.

A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head, at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, for which he prudently charged the rich merchant twenty guineas. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was just then rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off and took it away with him in his carriage, to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Wodenblock, aware that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk, and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favor of the former mode of action, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give directions about the substitute with which he wished to be supplied in the place of his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever; but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious of its own littleness.

"Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion—but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs,"—Turningvort bowed yet lower—"provided it outdoes every thing you have ever yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks.—Make it of cork: let it be light and elastic, and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions, but this is determined on, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had; and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas."

The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before; and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative, as well as practical science; and there was a favorite discovery, which he had long been endeavoring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanical

construction at the knee and ancle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavoring to obviate this great inconvenience; and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution, was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artisan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied the precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve.

The evening wore away in these discussions, concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the remainder of the night; in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed; and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one, who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed, indeed, to act to admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint—all the joints performed their office, without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock work, under the full, well slashed pantaloons of the substantial looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion, occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not in all respects as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot, to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along, in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits, till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanouter, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other, by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanouter stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping even for a moment to say, "How d'ye do?" Yet so it was; but it was no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how, his leg was to move! As long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit reliance with its independent and apparently self-acting powers for a command over it which he found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to step to speak with Mynheer Vanouter; but his leg moved on, and he was under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses; but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy, as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves; of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms. He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden canal; and when he came in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face

of wonder.—"Rascal!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant! You have made me a leg with a vengeance!—It won't stand still for a moment! I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my house; and unless you stop me yourself, heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out, and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me."

The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament.

The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him.—He did so at last, nevertheless; and catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem, (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him along with his burthen at the same rate as before. He set him, therefore, down again; and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant, the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow; calling out, in the most piteous accents, "I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil, in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me; for Heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless! I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!"

The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eye-balls, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal, towards Leyden, and bellowing as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlor window, immediately opposite the Golden Lion, drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church in their best attire, to say their prayers and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the marketplace like an animated corpse—white, blue, cold and speechless; his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared away for it, in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with this power of motion.

On it went, through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years past on; but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he, who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh too has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton!—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still in all its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth.

May all good Saints protect us from broken legs; and may there never appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes, of so awful and mysterious a power!

## LAWS OF MAINE.

[No. 16.]

AN ACT to authorize the Selectmen of Portland and Bath to appoint an additional number of Enginemen.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled,* That the Selectmen of the town of Portland be, and they hereby are authorized, in manner by law provided for the appointment of Enginemen, to appoint for the Engine in said town, called the Hydraulion, an additional number of Enginemen not exceeding twenty-four.

Sec. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That the Selectmen of Bath be, and they hereby are authorized, in manner aforesaid, to appoint for the Engine, in the town of Bath, called the Hydraulion, an additional number of Enginemen not exceeding twenty-five.

Sec. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That the Enginemen appointed under the authority aforesaid



aid, shall be subject to all the duties and liabilities, and shall be entitled to all the privileges and exemptions of Engineers appointed in manner heretofore provided by law.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 12, 1828.]

[No. 17.]  
AN ACT giving a lien to Ship Carpenters and others on vessels.

Sect. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That, from and after the passing of this act, all ship-carpenters, caulkers, blacksmiths and joiners, or other persons, who shall perform labor or furnish materials for and on account of any vessel building or standing on the stocks, by virtue of a written agreement, shall have a lien on such vessel for his or her wages until four days after such vessel is launched, and may secure the same by an attachment on said vessel, which attachment shall have precedence of all other attachments where no such lien exists.

Sect. 2. Be it further enacted, That, before said lien shall attach and be in force, such ship-carpenter, caulker, blacksmith, joiner, or other person, shall have a just and legal claim for his or her services performed, or materials furnished for said vessel, and shall demand payment of the same of the owner, agent or contractor, and in case such ship-carpenter, caulker, blacksmith, joiner, or other person, shall demand more than is due to him or them on a full and fair settlement of all demands between him or them and such owner, agent or contractor, then and in that case, such owner, agent or contractor may tender or pay to such ship-carpenter, caulker, blacksmith, joiner or other person, the full, fair and just balance due to him or them for his or her labor and services on and for such vessel and fully and absolutely discharge his or her lien thereon.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 12, 1828.]

[No. 18.]  
AN ACT authorizing the town of Eastport to assess a tax on the owners of dogs.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That, from and after the passing of this act, the town of Eastport, in the County of Washington, shall have all the powers, that the town of Portland now have, and in the same manner, to tax the owners of Dogs in said town of Eastport.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 15, 1828.]

[No. 19.]  
AN ACT, in addition to Act, entitled "An additional Act respecting Banks."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That, the second and fourth section of an act, to which this additional, passed February twenty-third, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, shall not be construed or considered to be in force, until the first Monday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty; at which time they shall be in full force and effect, any thing in said act to the contrary notwithstanding.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 15, 1828.]

[No. 20.]  
AN additional ACT to provide for carrying into effect certain stipulations in the Act for separating the District of Maine into a separate State.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That for defraying one half of the expense of surveying the lands in the State of Maine, surveyed and to be surveyed and divided, the charges attending such surveys, and also for defraying one half of the compensation of the Secretary of the board of Commissioners and paying for the stationary necessary to be used by them, exclusive of the personal expenses of said Commissioners, the sum of three thousand dollars be, and hereby is appropriated as a contingent fund, to be drawn for and paid as provided in the Acts to which this is additional.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 16, 1828.]

[No. 21.]  
AN additional ACT for regulating marriage and for the orderly solemnization thereof.

Sect. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That, whenever, in the opinion of the Governor and Council, the situation of any denomination of Christians, or any religious society, in this State, may be such as to render it expedient that their Ministers should be authorized to solemnize marriages in other Counties than that in which they reside, the Governor, with the advice of Council, is hereby authorized to appoint and commission any ordained Minister of the Gospel of such society or denomination, as the public good may require, to solemnize marriages in such Counties in this State as he may deem expedient, the same being expressed in their Commission, which shall be held during the Governor's pleasure, and shall be conclusive evidence that the person therein named is a Minister of the Gospel; and whenever said commission shall be revoked, an attested copy of the revocation shall be filed in the Clerk's office, of the county in which such minister may reside; and such ministers, so commissioned and qualified, are severally hereby authorized to solemnize marriages between persons who may lawfully enter into that relation, whose intentions of marriage shall have been legally published and duly ratified within the limits of any county named in such commission, in which one of both the parties are resident.

Sect. 2. Be it further enacted, That every Minister of the Gospel, commissioned and qualified under this act to solemnize marriages, shall keep a particular record of all marriages by them solemnized, respectively; and in every year, on or before the first day of April, shall certify to the Clerk of the Judicial Courts in each county, in which any marriage may have been solemnized, the names and ages of all persons by them respectively joined in marriage within such county during the year next preceding such certificate; and it shall be the duty of such clerk to record the same; and any Minister offending herein shall be and pay fifty dollars, to be recovered by action of debt in any court proper to try the same, one half to the use of him who sues and the other half to the use of the county in which the action may be commenced.

Sect. 3. Be it further enacted, That any Minister commissioned to solemnize marriages as provided in this act, shall be liable to the same penalties for joining any person in marriage other than is provided in this act and the act to which this is additional, as are

Justices of the Peace and Ministers by the act to which this is in addition.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 16, 1828.]

#### POLITICAL.

We do not know when we have met with a more frank and honest avowal of a conviction of error, wrought by the force of evidence, and by reason, and reflection, than is contained in the following editorial address, taken from a late Pittsburg paper. It is typical of the reformation of public sentiment, which is in rapid progress where the late alarming delusion of the popular mind has most prevailed. It is the light of truth breaking through the mists of prejudice, enlightening and cheering the prospect before us. The information from every part of the country is of the same complexion. We have just seen letters from Kentucky and Indiana, which leave no reasonable room to doubt, that the whole vote of both those states would be given in favor of the re-election of Mr. Adams. We have seen many letters from New-York, which impress us with entire confidence that Mr. Adams will receive two-thirds of the votes of that state. Being pressed for room, to day, we defer, to another day, a column or two of extracts of letters, from different parts of the country, which contain satisfactory information, in corroboration of what we have stated, of the rapid gain of the present Administration in favor of the people.—*Nat. Intel.*

FROM THE WESTERN JOURNAL.  
PITTSBURG, Pa. Feb. 16, 1828.

The readers of this Journal cannot fail to have perceived, that, for a considerable time past, our partiality for General Jackson, and his cause, as a candidate for the Presidency, has declined. We owe it to our patrons to state as briefly as possible, the causes of this change, and the reasons which induce us to abandon it altogether.

One of the principal reasons with us, for supporting the cause of General Jackson, was, that we firmly believed in the charge of "bargain and sale" brought forth against Messrs. Adams and Clay. In the light in which it struck our mind, accompanied with the fact, that General Jackson had a greater number of electoral votes than Mr. Adams, we had come to the conclusion that corruption had produced the result, by placing Adams, in the Presidential Chair, in exclusion of Jackson—and the appointment of Mr. Clay, confirmed the opinion. In this state of mind, we have, heretofore, supported the cause of General Jackson—with honest intentions, but, as we are now convinced under false impressions.

We have lately given a careful perusal to the address of Mr. Clay, to the people of the United States, on the subject of the "bargain and sale." We have perused it with an honest spirit of inquiry, and are compelled—reluctantly almost—compelled to acknowledge, that its conclusions are irresistible, to an impartial mind, candidly disposed to seek the truth. To this address of Mr. Clay, are appended a number of statements of members of Congress, of high reputation, and unimpeachable integrity, who were in the House of representatives at the time of the late Presidential election. And, also, a letter from that zealous and distinguished friend of America, General La Fayette. Since the publication of this address, we have also read a letter from Colonel Thomas H. Benton, one of the Senators of the United States from the State of Missouri, and one of the most ardent supporters of General Jackson. Entertaining, as we had hitherto done, the strongest suspicion against the political integrity of Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams, in relation to the late Presidential election, and being decidedly convinced of the perfect innocence of both of them, we hasten to acquit our own conscience, by awarding to them the justice they merit. We cannot, we will not, give currency to malignant slanders, which tend to be such.

In respect to the alleged "bargain and corruption" between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams, we are now convinced that this paper has done them much injustice. We owe it to those feelings of morality and honor, which every man ought to hold sacred, to rectify the error into which we have been betrayed; and to do justice to two distinguished men, who, but for the charges alluded to, would have stood highest in the list of American worthies.

Some of the over-zealous friends of Gen. Jackson may be displeased with the frankness of this declaration; if so, we crave the privilege of asking a few questions: Would they require us longer to insist upon the truth of a charge which we verily believe to be false? Is there any thing in the cause of Gen. Jackson which demands of us such a flagrant violation of all moral principle? If any friend of General Jackson will give Mr. Clay's address and the accompanying documents, a calm and attentive perusal, and then give utterance to the unbiased dictates of his conscience, he cannot but concur with us in the sentiments we have expressed. In the course of a few weeks after this our paper will afford him an opportunity of doing this—as it is our intention to publish the address and documents, for the benefit of all those who are willing to read, and have the moral courage to express their real opinions.

With regard to the character of the Administration itself, we feel confident that no one disposed to seek for truth, and be guided by its sacred maxims, can read the debates in Congress, on the retrenchment resolutions of Mr. Chilton, of Kentucky, without being himself convinced of its purity. The most respectable of the supporters of General Jackson acknowledged, in substance, in course of the debate, that the accusations brought against the administration, of corruption, were without foundation; and, that neither Mr. Clay nor Mr. Adams, were personally or officially answerable for the present organization of the various departments—that the offices had neither been multiplied in number, nor the emoluments increased, since the commencement of Mr. Adams' Administration, and that they knew of no malpractices whatever—but it was proper to inquire. In this, the friends of the Administration joined, and the resolutions were adopted unanimously.

With these views of the subject, and having a sincere and hearty desire to perpetuate our Republican institutions, we have come to the conclusion, that it is our duty to support the re-election of John Quincy Adams, as President, and the election of Richard Rush, as Vice President. Those who are sincerely in favor of the American System—of Domestic Manufactures, and Internal Improvement, cannot but see the necessity of uniting in the support of these candidates, in opposition to Southern policy, and the Richmond construction of the Constitution of the Union.—*Editor Western Journal.*

Copy of the Circular Letter addressed by Judge Brooke, to Mr. Madison, to Col. Munroe, and to each of the other gentlemen nominated as Electors by the Convention lately held in Richmond.

Richmond, February 8, 1828.  
My dear Sir: I avail myself of the earliest moment, since the proceedings were addressed to the People of Virginia and printed, under the direction of the Central Committee, to comply with the resolution of the Convention, requesting me to transmit a copy thereof to each of the Electors nominated on its Electoral Ticket, and to inform them of their several appointments; and in pursuance thereof, now have the honor to transmit you a copy of the Proceedings and Address, and to inform you of your appointment.

With very great respect, &c.  
Your obedient servant,  
FRANCIS T. BROOKE.  
President of the Convention.

Copy of Mr. Madison's Letter to Judge Brooke.  
MONTPELIER, Feb. 22, 1828.  
Dear Sir—The mail of last evening brought me your circular communication, by which I am informed of my being nominated by the Convention at Richmond on the 8th of January, one of the Electors recommended for the next appointment of Chief Magistrate of the United States.

Whilst I express the great respect I feel to be due to my fellow-citizens composing that assembly, I must request that another name be substituted for mine, on their Electoral Ticket.

After a continuance in public life, with a very brief interval, through a period of more than forty years, and at the age then attained, I considered myself as violating no duty, in allotting for what of life might remain, a retirement from scenes of political agitation and excitement. Adhering to this view of my situation, I have foreborne, during the existing contest, as I had done during the preceding, to participate in any measures of a party character; and the restraint imposed on myself is necessarily strengthened by an admiring sense of increasing years. Nor with these considerations could I fail to combine, a recollection of the public relations in which I stood to the distinguished individuals now dividing the favor of their country, and the proofs given to both, of the high estimation in which they were held by me.

In offering this explanation, I hope I may be pardoned for not suppressing a wish which must be deeply and extensively felt, that the discussions incident to the depending contest, may be conducted in a spirit and manner, either unfavorable to a dispassionate result, nor unworthy of the great and advancing cause of Representative Government.

With great esteem and respect,  
JAMES MADISON.  
FRANCIS T. BROOKE, Esq.,  
President of the Convention, &c. &c.

Copy of Col. Munroe's Letter to Judge Brooke.  
OAK HILL, Feb. 22, 1828.

Dear Sir: I have by this day's mail, received your letter, announcing my nomination, by the convention lately assembled in Richmond, as an Elector, at the ensuing election, in favor of the distinguished citizen whom they designate, as President of the United States. For reasons, which I hope will be satisfactory to you, to the members of that body, and to my fellow-citizens generally, and which I will frankly communicate, I consider it a duty to decline the trust in question.

After the long and laborious service which I have been engaged, and in the most difficult conjunctures to which our country has been exposed, it is my earnest desire to cherish tranquillity in my retirement. Important as the object is to me, I am satisfied, if I become a party to elections, to the high office

of Chief Magistrate of the United States, that I cannot accomplish it. In the pending election, I have motives of a personal nature, which would make it particularly painful for me to interpose. Having held, in the office from which I lately retired, a friendly relation with both the candidates, and given to each strong proofs of confidence and regard, it would be very repugnant to my feelings to take the part of either against the other.

Other considerations drew my attention, at an early period, to this subject, and confirmed me in this decision. As a permanent rule, I was led to conclude that it would be better for our country, and contribute more to the success of our excellent system of government, that those who have held the office of chief magistrate, should abstain in their retirement, from becoming partisans in subsequent elections to that office. Instances may occur, in the course of time, and in the vicissitude of human affairs, in which the opinion of those who have had long experience, may be useful. Every government that has existed, has been exposed to trying emergencies. All those which were strictly republican, have been subverted. Should I, I trust, experience a different fate. Will an emergency of any kind ever occur, it may be important that there should be, among the people, some men unconnected with either of the contending parties, and among them, those who have retired from that high office, whose voice might be heard. To render service, they must enjoy, in like degree, the confidence of the whole community in their disinterestedness and impartiality. If they embark as partisans on either side, they would have no weight with the other. By remaining neutral, it might be otherwise.

On full consideration, before my retirement, I concluded that the course suggested, would be best adapted to my own peace and tranquillity, and contribute most, as a permanent rule, to the welfare of my country. Under this conviction, I then formed the decision stated, have frequently declared it since, and cannot depart from it.—With great respect, I am your obedient servant.

JAMES MONROE.  
FRANCIS T. BROOKE, Esq.,  
President of the Convention lately held at Richmond.

#### FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

We are indebted to the Editors of the New-England Palladium, for the following interesting news:

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 10.  
The moderation which the Porte had observed, and which had given rise to a hope, that it had heard the desire of pacification, has altogether vanished; or, more, that it was a mask to conceal its true designs.

A Proclamation, addressed to all the Functionaries of the Empire, and conceived in terms indicating the greatest hatred of the Christian Cabinets and all Christians, declares that it is a sacred duty to combat them—calls all Mussulmen to arms—says that it had need of time to prepare for a bloody contest—and having gained this end, it would brave all dangers, and sooner fall than acknowledge the independence of the Greeks.

It was not contented with this proclamation, but proscribed more than 1500 subjects of the Allies, and caused them to dread a horrible fate if they remained. At this point the Charges des Affaires of the Sultans interfered, by showing that the Sultan's promise would be violated and treaties broken—that he would put all Europe in alarm—and that he would prepare a frightful catastrophe for himself. These representations appear to have made no impression. It is expected also that the Franks will be sent from all the other cities and provinces.

SMYRNA, Jan. 4.  
Our city is agitated because the news from Constantinople causes much fear for the Franks. The most considerable merchants have embarked—and each one endeavors to put his property in safety. A great number of vagabonds wished to set fire to the city. The most part of them were Italians, and have been arrested by the orders of the Neapolitan Consul.

The principal Editor of the Oriental Spectator, M. Blancque, has been arrested by order of the French Consul, and put, with his presses, on board the Pomona, to be carried to Toulon, for having inserted an article offensive to the French Government. The second Editor has fled. M. Blancque was much beloved.

It is calculated that there are upwards of 80,000 Deaf and Dumb in Europe alone. A Journal, for the benefit of those unfortunate beings, has been established in France.

The Times, London newspaper, is now printed off by an engine, by which the astonishing number of four thousand copies are produced from the press in an hour.

At the time of the last irruption of water into the Tunnel excavating under the Thames river, about one hundred men were employed upon the work, and the confusion was very great. In three minutes the Tunnel was entirely filled

with water. The following account of the disaster is given in a letter to the Directors by Mr. Brunel, Jr.

SATURDAY MORNING 12th Jan. 1829.  
I had been in the frames (shield) with the workmen, throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at 10 o'clock. During the workings through the night no symptoms of insecurity appeared. At six this morning (the usual time for shifting the men) a fresh set, or shift of the men, came on to work. We began to work the ground at the west top corner of the frame.—The tide had just then begun to flow, and finding the ground tolerable quiet, we proceeded, by beginning at the top, and had worked about a foot downwards, when, on exposing the next six inches, the ground swelled suddenly, and a large quantity hurried through the opening thus made. This was followed instantly by a large body of water. The rush was so violent as to force the men, on the spot where the burst took place, out of the frame (or cell) on to the timber stage, behind the frames. I was in the frame with this man, but upon the rush of the water, I went into the next box (or cell) in order to command a better view of the irruption; and seeing that there was no possibility of their opposing the water, I ordered all the men in the frames to retire. All were retiring, except the three men who were with me, and they retreated with me. I did not leave the stage until those three men were down the ladder of the frame, when they and I proceeded about twenty feet along the west arch of the tunnel; at this moment, the agitation of the air by the rush of the water, was such as to extinguish all the lights, and the water had gained the height of the middle of our waists. I was at that moment giving directions to three men, in what manner they ought to proceed, in the dark, to effect their escape, when they and I were knocked down and covered by a part of the timber stage. I struggled under the water for some time, and at length extricated myself from the stage, and by swimming, and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little, in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavored to do by calling them. Before I reached the shaft, the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and, therefore, swam to the visitors' stairs—the stairs for the workmen being occupied by those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage, that I could scarcely swim, or get up the stairs; but the rush of the water carried me up the shaft. The three men who had been knocked down with me, were unable to extricate themselves, and I am grieved to say, they are lost; and I believe also, two old men and one young man in the other parts of the work.

A NARROW PASSAGE.—Two or three weeks since, an accident happened in the Woollen Factory of Mr. Evesal Estes, in this village, the report of which we should be strongly inclined to disbelieve, had we not received it from the best authority. Lucy Thomas, a young woman of full and fleshy habit, who was at work in the factory, got caught by her clothes in the machinery, and was carried round between an upright shaft and the feed roller of a carding machine, seven or eight times before she could be rescued from her perilous situation.

An attempt was at first made to shut the gate, but this not succeeding instantly, it was found necessary to remove the carding machine. The danger of the girl's situation may be better understood, when the reader is informed that the space between the feed roller and the shaft was no more by actual measurement, than two inches and a half. Her clothes when caught, wound round and fastened her in an upright position to the shaft (which was of iron, three or four inches in diameter) and the pressure in the narrow passage was confined to that part of her person between the ribs and the hips, where there are no other bones except those of the back. Yet even then it would seem a priori impossible that the accident should have taken place as described, especially when the full habit of the girl is considered. But the evidence in the case leaves no room to doubt. The young woman was so much injured, that it was at first thought she would not survive many hours. She was affected with almost continual spasms and fainting fits, and in this situation she lingered for some days in the prospect of death; but at length she began to revive, and is now in a fair way of recovery.

Berkshire American.  
Gen. Jackson's reply to the late address of Mr. Clay.

"On landing at the mouth of Cumberland, some one told him of Mr. Clay's pamphlet, in which he had completely proved his own innocence. The pious and accomplished hero jumped to his feet, and, stretching out his arm, swore by the immaculate G—d, that Mr. Clay and all his friends were G—d—d liars. by G—d!"

We copy the above from the Shawneetown paper. We hesitated some time about giving it to our readers: for

it does not appear to be a stenographic word, nor a truth of the era had been the kingdom since received confirmation, that we have stanchly come into a violent the most ab evidences of

#### THE NORW

OXFO  
In this day's a meeting of towns and plar gressional distr election, for the and Vice-Presi the district, it we understand a consultation Gentlemen.

This district including the wh other Counties, meeting should the busy season this nomination with the State the friends of M July appreciate vention, and en sented in it.

#### NEW-HA

The electio Hampshire, o terminated, at The success c is perfect. I considered as New England Adams. The satisfactory as full strength o in that state. Presidential e have been m was a revoluti office one year exceptional many votes of Those in M ed into the Ja this result, wh place on the their leaders. the Union, cert have the Jacks sive and noisy They have got vote of the sta have at length and demonst New-Hampshir ry where else and exceeding

#### NEW-HA

The result glorious triumph Administration, ples. The Sta gradation and ed against the c try, through th men. We wou exultation over if there has e which the peo in the result o joice with joy.

GOVERNOR.—are received, u for Bell, and returns yet to c majority for Be

CORNSHALLS.—Rockingham, I Keith in Grafto some minorities ford is doubtfu Mr. HARVEY is p majority.

SENATORS.—M BURGESS, HARRI WOODSON, PLUSE (illustration) be will probably be tion, 2 position

Of the Repr towns, given bel the Administrat tion strength i be given in the Representatives, the Jackson cand der the anti-slave opposed to the A

Extract of a let from a gentleman present at Gen. Jackson's arrival at New-Orleans.—"I was at New-Orleans, the day of that city. The city, but did not receive I coolly received I 'sons of New-Orleans' the im was a man of res action—but now country. He w He, when address committed to pap and then his v small. I w that no more of a were in fav of President







## POETRY.

### HOPE.

When the fond heart doth sink full low,  
From brightest objects riven,  
And life's fair scenes look pale with woe,  
And darkness circles pleasure's brow,  
How sweet the hope of heaven!

When sorrow heaves the troubled breast,  
Like waves by tempests driven;  
When the hurt spirit, deep distressed,  
Like wave-borne bark can find no rest  
How bright the thought of heaven!

And when the dreams of life are fled,  
And death's keen sting is given;  
How calming may we rest our head,  
While angels circle round our bed,  
To wing our souls to heaven.

### THE DYING BLIND BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

This pathetic poem is copied from an English publication called *The World*. Whoever can read its plaintive strains, and not experience an emotion difficult to be suppressed, must possess feelings different from those which act upon our hearts.—*Lit. Cadet.*

Mother, I am dying now,  
Death's cold damps are on my brow!  
Leave me not—each pang grows stronger,  
Patient watch a little longer.  
Sweet it is your voice to hear,  
Through dull and heavy grows mine ear;  
Wait and take my last adieu,  
Never mother loved like you!  
Though your form I never might see,  
Your image was not hid from me—  
Stamped on my adoring mind,  
Beautiful, but undefined,  
Ever fair and ever bright,  
That vision filled me with delight,  
Well I knew what'er might be,  
Those oft-pressed faces I could not see;  
Might I all their beauty view,  
None of them would rival you.  
Life to me was sweet and dear,  
While I live the tales to hear,  
Told by you on wintry hearth,  
All to make your blind boy mirth!  
And I love my voice to join  
In chorus of those hymns divine,  
By which you fondly taught my boy  
To look to Heaven with hope and joy.  
Sun or moon I could not see,  
But love measured time for me.  
When your kiss my slumber broke,  
Then I knew the morn had woke;  
And when the hour came to pray,  
Then I knew 'twas close of day;  
When I heard the loud winds blow,  
And I felt the warm fire glow,  
Then I knew 'twas winter wild,  
And kept at home—your helpless child!  
When the air grew mild and soft,  
And the gay lark sang aloft,  
When I heard the streamlet flowing,  
And I smelt the wild flower blowing,  
And the bee around me hum,  
Then I knew the spring had come.  
For I wandered with delight,  
And I knew when days were bright;  
When I climbed the green hill's side,  
Fancy traced the prospect wide;  
And 'twas pleasant when I pressed  
The warm and downy tuft to rest.  
Now I never more shall roam,  
The many paths around my home;  
And you will often look in vain,  
Nor hail your wanderer e'er again;  
Never more on tiptoe creep,  
Where he lay as if asleep;  
Or with low and plaintive moan,  
Murmuring to himself alone,  
On bed of wild flowers stretched,  
Starting when a kiss you snatched,  
Till nature whispered 'twas my mother,  
And affection gave another!  
But this sweetener thus to die,  
With my tender mother by,  
Than to be in life alone,  
When she and every friend were gone.  
Mourn not o'er me broken-hearted—  
Not for long shall we be parted;  
Soon in vales which ever bloom,  
Which unfading flowers perfume,  
In realms of light and joy,  
You will meet your poor blind boy!

\*It has been related of some who were relieved from early blindness, that they eventually expected to find those whom affection and kindness had endeared to them, the most beautiful to the eye.

## VARIETY.

### FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER. TROTTER CANNON.

It is singular that in our conflicts with barbarians, or with half-disciplined troops, we generally sustain a heavier loss than in our battles with veterans and well-organized armies. Whether this arises from our contempt of the enemy, inducing us to attack them at greater odds, or at closer quarters, or that such foes are stimulated by the fiercer passions of untamed nature, we cannot determine, but the fact is well worthy of consideration. In our battles with the Americans last war, our loss was always heavy in the extreme. Our attack on Algiers was attended with a loss of nearly equal to any thing we had ever sustained on board of a fleet; and, if we include the numbers killed on board of the Russian ships at Navarino, we shall find the total number of killed & wounded nearly as great as in any of our battles last war. With respect to the Turks, this may arise from the extremely heavy cannon which they generally use. In our ships, and, we believe, in our batteries, we seldom use a heavier gun than a 32 pounder. No man of war carries any cannon of a larger caliber, but the Turks make use of 800 pounders. When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople, in 1807, his fleet was dreadfully shattered by these immense shot.—The *Regele George* was nearly sunk by only one shot, which carried away her cutter; another cut the main mast of the *Windsor Castle* nearly in two; a shot knocked two parts of the *Thunderer* into one; the *Republique*, 74, had her wheel shot away and 21 men killed and wounded by a single shot, nor was the ship saved but by the most wonderful exertions. One of these guns was cast in brass in the reign of Amurat; it was composed of two parts joined by a screw at the chamber, its breech resting against a masonry wall; the difficulty of charging it would not allow its being fired more than once; but, as a Pacha once said, a single discharge would destroy almost a whole fleet of an enemy. The Baron de Tott, to the great terror of the Turks, resolved to fire this gun. The shot weighed 1100 lb. and to load it took 330 lb. powder; he says, "I felt the shot like an earthquake, it saw the ball divide into three pieces, and these fragments of a rock crossed the Strait, and rebounded on the mountains." "The heaviest shot which struck our ship was of granite, and weighed 300 lb. and was two feet two inches in diameter. One of these huge shot, to the astonishment of our tars, stove in the whole larboard bow of the *Active*; and having thus crushed this immense mass of solid timber, the shot rolled ponderously aft, and brought up against the hatchway, the crew standing aghast at the singular spectacle. A few years ago, a party of English midshipmen crawled into one of these guns to the no small amusement of the Turks.

From the *Custis' recollections, and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington*.  
Twenty-eight years have passed away, since an interesting group were assembled in the Death room, and witnessed the last hours of Washington. So keen and unsparing hath been the scythe of Time, that of all those who watched over the Patriarch's couch, on the 13th and 14th of December, 1799, but a single personage survives.  
On the morning of the 13th, the General was engaged in making some improvements in front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as to be considerably wetted before his return to the house. About one o'clock, he was seized with chillness and nausea, but having changed his clothes, he sat down to his desk work—there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

At night on joining his family circle, the General complained of slight indisposition, and, after a single cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between eleven and twelve o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual family hour, but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the library door, as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well-regulated mansion, she arose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense. At length the well-known step was heard on the stair, and upon the General's entering his chamber, the lady kindly chided him for remaining up so late, knowing himself to be unwell: "I came so soon as my business was accomplished. You will know, that, through a long life, it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to-day."

Having first covered up the fire with care, the man of mighty labors at last sought repose; but it came not as it had long been wont to do, to comfort and restore, after the many and earnest occupations of the well-spent day. The night was passed in feverish restlessness and pain. "Tired nature's sweetest restorer, balmy sleep," was destined no more to visit his couch; yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit no one to be disturbed in their rest, on his account, and it was only at day break he would consent that the Overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted to. A vein was opened, but without affording relief.—Couriers were dispatched to summon Dr. Craik, the family, and Drs. Dick and Brown, as consulting Physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without producing their healing effects, while the patient, yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objection to medicines, and took those which were prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The medical gentlemen spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwaried endeavors to preserve this noblest work of nature.

Night approached—the last night of Washington; the weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer, watching, with intense anxiety, for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, to Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest tried, and bosom friend, he observed, "I am dying, Sir—but am not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington, he said: "Go to my secretary, and in the private drawer you will find two papers—bring them to me." They were brought. He continued: "These are my wills—preserve this one, and burn the other." Which was immediately done. Calling to Col. Lear, he

directed: "Let my corpse be kept for the usual period of three days."  
Here we would beg leave to remind our readers, that, in a former part of this work, we have said that Washington was old-fashioned in much of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired for those accounts. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days, is derived from remote antiquity, and arose, not from fear of premature interment, as in more modern times, but from motives of veneration towards the deceased; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites; for the pious watchings of the corpse; and for the many sad, yet endearing ceremonies with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we have loved.

The patient bore his acute sufferings with the manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the Divine will; while, as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that his "hour was nigh." He inquired the time, and it was answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no more—the hand of death was upon him, and he was conscious that his "hour was come." With surprising self-possession, he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his hands upon his bosom—without a sigh—without a groan—the Father of his Country expired, gently as though an infant died. Nor pang or struggle told, when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while, so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death, that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the Patriarch was no more.  
It may be asked, and why was the ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and benign lustre upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he, to whom the observances of sacred things were ever primary duties, through life, without their consolations in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope; yet, to stay that glimpse which none may refuse, to give still farther length of days to him whose "time-honored life" was so dear to mankind, prayer was not wanting to the Throne of Grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold pious communion, a portion of every day, for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the morning prayer prepared to bear her from the chamber of the dead. Such were the last hours of Washington.

We publish the following touching effusion, for the benefit of our modern fair readers. It shows the affection which Nymphs of olden time, cherished for the objects of their adoration.  
A Letter from —, to —, in the Army.  
Wrentham, June 1, 1777.

Dear Love,  
These lines are to inform you that I am well—hope you write to me every time you can—I long to hear from you—I am concerned about you—I was afraid you was dead—cause I did dream bad dreams about you last week—but I hope you'll behave well—I herded the soldiers were wicked—that they did swear and git drunk—don't forget you have a sole to save—lme fraid youve must forgot me—you told me you wo'dnt go and see any body else—I always thot we should have one another, lme fraid you'll forget what you promised when you first com to see me—you must come home as soon as your time is out—else I will stay with John next time he comes—Father sines to live with Mr. S.—next winter—don't let any body see this letter—I have not got any nuse to rite only my goard goes for—I lme going to card for Mr. F.—tomorrow—folks think Lieut. R.—s boy will be a fool—Sister Mims has been living at D—m above a month—Mother says she must behave well—and she shall be married first—your gone lme fraid she will—I wish you wo'd rite me what you sine to do bout it—I can git redly by the fall—Mr. F.—n gives me half a dollar a day—Ive got two pillow cases and fifteen golins most grown up—So I remain your true friend till death—P—c H—n

A poor negro when near his end, was once questioned by the neighboring clergyman as to the state of his mind. His replies were all "well till he came to the article of forgiveness. "Me forgib ebry body," said he "but Sam N—." "But can you not forgive him?" "Yes if he die me forgib him, but if he live to get well, me hit him anuder knock."

ANDERSON'S SCOTCH & HOOPERS' ENGLISH FEMALE PILLS.  
JOHN F. REEVES,  
Exchange-street, Portland.

HAS just received a full supply of the genuine Anderson's Scotch and Hoopers' Female Pills, which are well approved of. ALSO—a new and fresh stock of DRUGS AND MEDICINES, that are of the first quality, which will be sold on the most favorable terms.  
Jan. 21, 1828. 3m 128

## THE REAL.

JEWETT'S Improved Vegetable Pills, or *Jewett's Specific*, will be distinguished, as they ever have been, by the signature, H. PLUMLEY, both on the bill of directions and on the label to each box.

These Pills are the prescription of a celebrated German Physician, and not the recipe of any Physician in this country, and the public are cautioned against a spurious article professing to be prepared from a recipe of a late Physician of New-Hampshire of the same name, which article is on the strength of the name alone, they attempt to sell as the genuine!

The genuine Pills are a cure for Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Diseases of the Liver, sickness at the stomach, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness in the head, weakness of the limbs, acidity, costiveness, and piles.

Jewett's original Stomach Plaster. These plasters are very beneficial, when applied to any part suffering from pain, or weakness, and are particularly serviceable in cases of sprains, weakness and pain in the sides or stomach.

One roll is sufficient for four plasters. A constant supply of the above Pills and Plasters may be had of the subscriber, who is wholesale and retail agent for the proprietor.

Norway, Feb. 28, 1828. ASA BARTON, copy 182

## FRINK'S EYE WATER.

GOOD EYE WATER is an astringent, bland and healing liquid, calculated to strengthen the organ, in cases of debility, and to obviate a tendency to inflammation, or morbid excitement.

Nearly all the disorders of the eye, many of which, from undue exposure and neglect of suitable treatment, become very severe and difficult to manage, primarily arise from a lodgment of small particles under the lid, from a temporary harshness of the atmosphere, or an intense direction to some color which is unfavorable to vision, and which exhausts the power of the organ.

It is therefore apparent, that a complaint arising from these causes requires the strengthening and cooling application before mentioned, and that a composition which really possesses these properties, is better entitled to the appellation of "eye-water," than most of the preparations at present before the public.

The formula of this EYE WATER, was the prescription of a distinguished Physician, who particularly and successfully devoted his attention to affections of the Eye, and it has been tested by the proprietor of the recipe, in innumerable instances, for the last fifteen years. It is now, prescribed by many eminent physicians, who have had opportunities to witness its effects, and it needs only a fair trial to insure its general use.

Price 55 cents. A new and fresh supply of this EYE WATER has just been received at the Oxford Bookstore, by the subscriber who is wholesale and retail agent for the proprietors.

ASA BARTON, Jan. 12, 1828. 189

## JOHNSON'S AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT.

LIQUID OPODELDOC, SUPERIOR in strength and medical virtues to any of the kind ever offered to the public. It is used with the most happy effects for Rheumatism, for strains, bruises and swellings. For asthma, for hard, dry spasmodic coughs, and for hooping cough; for pains and soreness in the stomach and sides; for pains and itching in the ears, &c. &c. It is a certain remedy for sore lips, toothache and CHILBLAINS.

Sold wholesale and retail by the Proprietor at Sullivan—Glazier, & Co. Hallowell—George Coe, Portland—S. Farnsworth, Esq. Bridgton—ASA BARTON, Norway. A liberal discount made to wholesale dealers.

In consequence of the unprecedented demand for this Opoedeloc, the price has been reduced to 12 1-2 cents each.

March 3, 1828. cowlf 192

## CHILBLAINS.

THOSE afflicted with that painful and troublesome complaint, CHILBLAINS, have now within their reach a certain and easy cure in ALBERT'S SPECIFIC. No remedy has ever been presented to the Public, by which a more immediate cure could be effected than that now offered for chilblains. The experience of the last winter alone, is sufficient to convince the most incredulous of the certain efficacy of this valuable remedy. The Agent can inform the purchaser of cures effected in Boston in three days, where the blains have been of the worst kind, and the patient suffering from them upon both hands and feet, and where all other applications had failed.

There is no trouble attending the use of this specific, and from two to five applications will in most cases effect a cure. It may be applied to parts liable to Chilblains as an effectual preventative.

A Phial will often be found sufficient for a whole family.

It is put up in Phials, each labelled, ALBERT'S SPECIFIC FOR CHILBLAINS, and accompanied with directions for use—signed HENRY ALBERT—none other can be genuine.

Sold wholesale and retail by the Proprietor's only Agent for Boston, CHARLES BARTON, No. 155, Washington-street. Also by ASA BARTON, Norway.

Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

Price \$8 per dozen—75 cents single phial.

January 1, 1828. 3m 183

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore at fifty per cent. discount. The Communicant's Spiritual Companion; or, an Evangelical Preparation for the Lord's Supper—in which are shown the nature of the ordinance, and the dispositions requisite for a profitable participation thereof; with meditations and helps for prayer, suitable to the subject. Feb. 28

## IMPROVEMENT IN MECHANISM & MANUFACTURES.

It is of the utmost importance, to all who are now concerned, or about to be interested in Manufacturing, to look well to the labor-saving improvements, which are made and are making in this scientific and enlightened land.

A small saving for a series of years, will amount to a handsome interest.  
The subscriber keeps constantly on hand, and offers for sale, his improved

CARDING AND PICKING MACHINES, For Merino and Native Wool, on more liberal terms than can be had in New England.—Also, the best

## CARDS.

For Cotton and Wool MACHINERY, Said Machines are less expensive, perform more and better work, occupy less room, and are tended and kept in repair easier and require less water power, than any other in use. A credit will be given when it may be requested, so liberal, that the machine may earn the money it costs, before payment is required.

A line addressed to WARREN P. WING, Post Master, Greenwich Village, Mass. will be duly attended to. W. P. WING.

N. B. W. P. W. will furnish Steam Engines, to carry said Machines, on the most fuel-saving plan, which are cheaper than water power.  
January, 1828 3m 187

## The American Builder's Companion: or System of Architecture.

PARTICULARLY adapted to the present style of building, illustrated by 70 copper plate engravings, sixth quarto edition, enlarged by the addition of Grecian Architecture—by A. Benjamin architect and carpenter—Published R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Cornhill square, No. 79, Washington-street, Boston.

Extract from the preface of the third edition. "I have first laid down and explained each problem in geometry as are absolutely necessary to the well understanding of the subject. I have next treated on the origin of building, of mouldings, and of the orders. I have endeavored to explain them as clearly and fully that they cannot be misunderstood."

"I have given examples for sashes, sash frames, and shutters; and how to set them in brick walls; have also treated fully on stairs of different kinds, are to be found in this work, with observations on their several and particular parts."

Publisher's Advertisement to the Sixth Edition. Since the copy right of this work has been transferred to the present proprietors, they have with the advice of the editor and other eminent Architects and builders, enlarged it by additional matter and plates, on stairs, Grecian, Doric and Roman Architecture, on the most celebrated remains of antiquity, and an additional plan and elevation for a Meeting House or Church.

This work is very generally approved of, and is now well known and found to contain all the information on this subject, necessary for common use.

Also, a large assortment in all the various branches of literature, on liberal terms.

March 6, 1828. 189

## NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Elizabeth Wyman, late of Bath, in the County of Lincoln, deceased, are hereby informed, that their notes and accounts must be settled and paid prior to the first day of May next, or they will be then left with an Attorney for collection.

CHARLES POTTER, Executors

PARSONS SMITH, 2m 191

## MARVELLOUS REPOSITORY.

THE ENTERTAINING and MARVELLOUS REPOSITORY, containing Biography, Manners and Customs, Tales, Adventures, Essays, Poetry, &c. embellished with engravings. Just received and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore, BLANKS for Town Orders, Town Clerks, Surveyors of Highways, and Letters for notifying Towns of Paupers.

## AN APPRENTICE WANTED.

WANTED by the subscriber a smart active lad, from 14 to 17 years old, as an apprentice to the Brick Mason business; to one of good character, and steady habits, good encouragement will be given.

DAVID P. HUNNEFORD.

Paris, February 23, 1828. 1f 191

## NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Oxford Bookstore for Books or Stationery, are requested to make immediate payment.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

## Cordage, Cut Nails and Duck.

THOMAS BROWNE—No. 10, LONG WHARF, PORTLAND, Agent for the State of Maine, for the sale of Patent Cordage, made by Robbins of Plymouth.—Also Cut Nails and Brads of all sizes, from 3d to 50d, manufactured by Boston Iron Company. Duck, of various prices; Anchors and Chain Cables.

It is presumed that the quality, price, and time for the above articles, will give entire satisfaction.—Portland Aug. 14, 1827—ly 183

## THE OBSERVER

Is published every Thursday Morning, by ASA BARTON, (FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

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